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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXVI.

KINGSTON, CANADA, DEC. 10TH, 1898.

No. 3.

Queen's University Journal.

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University
in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers, during
The Academic Year.

ROBERT BURTON, M.A.,	-	-	Editor-in-Chief.
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The Business Manager is in the Sanctum on Mondays and Wednesdays from 11 to 12 to receive Subscriptions.

Subscription \$1.00 per year; 10 cents single copy.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

THE elections are over. The campaign was short and sharp, and that is well. No candidates were definitely in the field until eight days before the election, so that there was practically only a week for campaigning. That good use was made of the time is seen from the large vote polled, and from the closeness of the contest for nearly every position. The strength developed by the Science Hall candidate was one of the surprises of the campaign, and no one can say that the baby faculty did not show itself to be an infant giant. This lusty youngster will have to be reckoned with in A.M.S. elections hereafter, and Mr. Fralick should be proud of the united support and the excellent work of his fellow-students in Science. With his entrance into the field the situation assumed a new form as regards the other two candidates. Mr. Burton was felt to be more fully representative of the interests of the general student, and consequently most of the pronounced Alma Mater men gravitated towards his standard and gave him a strong organization and ultimately the victory. This turn of affairs set Mr. Gordon outside the issue of the campaign so far as there was an issue, and the large vote he polled is no mean tribute to his personal popularity. For the Vice-Presidency Mr.

Hunter made a phenomenal run, and his large vote should prove to the Medical students that the Arts and Divinity students really desire to break down sectional barriers and make the Alma Mater Society more thoroughly representative of all the various faculties. With as popular a man as Mr. Hunter for first Vice-President there ought to be more of harmony and co-operation than in the past. The other officers elect are good men and the new Executive should be strong enough to command the confidence and support of the members. The JOURNAL extends congratulations to all who drew a prize, and to all of those who pushed them so hard in a clean, energetic campaign.

* * *

One of the problems that forced itself upon the attention of those who took an active part in the recent campaign is the status of the lady student as regards the Alma Mater Society. The importance of this subject is such that the JOURNAL has no apology to make for continuing the discussion that was begun during the election excitement of last week. Let us then, as a one-time secretary of the A.M.S. said, get down to fundamentals.

First, then, the lady student is a fact, and whether we wish it or not, an important factor in college life and institutions. The ladies have come to stay. They are not here on sufferance, and so long as they show the modesty, good sense and intellectual ability that have hitherto characterized them none but the veriest woman-hater will grumble at their presence. This is fact number one. The second is that according to the genius of Queen's there is one strong central organization charged with the interests of the whole student body. The corporate life of the students of all faculties and classes finds its expression in the Alma Mater Society. It is the one student organization which is recognized by the Senate of the University, and to it are committed, for better or worse, all our student interests. The utmost liberty of self-government is accorded us just because we have such an organization to assume the responsibility, and to create and maintain a healthy public opinion among its members. Hence

both the Society and the Senate assume that every student of whatever faculty is *prima facie* a member of it, and that it speaks and acts for all.

This, while perhaps the least ponderable, is, nevertheless, the chief advantage of the Society and therefore any faculty or section of students that holds aloof from it is weakening our corporate life, and in the end militating against its own best interests.

Since, then, the A.M.S. necessarily claims to represent the lady students, it must face the problem of giving them a fuller share in its privileges and a more honored and honorable status as members.

Logically the solution would seem to lie in throwing open all our meetings to them (a privilege which is already nominally theirs), and in giving them a full share in the discussions and the legislative and executive functions of the Society. But, to be candid, we hope the day is far distant when such a solution shall be applied. So long as there is a sympathetic and intelligent appreciation of the needs and desires of the lady members of the Society, their interests will not suffer at the hands of their fellow-students, and they can leave us to select committees and pass accounts and debate points of order without their assistance. But, while this is so, a good deal can be done to make the advantages of the Society more tangible to them than at present. A portion, at least, of the funds that flow into the treasury through their interest in the annual elections ought to be expended in such a way as to confer a direct benefit upon them. For example, the Society rents a piano for the use of its members; but from the nature of the case it is not readily accessible to the lady members. Why not rent a second piano, which could be placed in a part of the building accessible to them, and thus release the sum they now have to pay for that purpose, so that it could be devoted to other objects? Again, there should be frequent meetings of the Society of a literary and musical nature, at which the ladies should be present and take part. From the opening of the second term till about the end of February there is not much business before the Society, and a series of meetings could easily be arranged in which all sections of the membership would contribute some part of the programme. If such precedents were established this session and continued next year the lady students would come to appreciate much more fully the benefits of membership in the A.M.S. In view of the fact that even under existing circumstances fifty-five of them voted last Saturday, it cannot be denied that that they have a just claim for consideration, and if steps are not taken to make more real to them the privileges and advantages of the Society, another year will pro-

bably see most of them holding aloof as a few did last week.

* * *

The JOURNAL expresses its hearty appreciation of the kindness of the three years of '00, '09 and '01 respectively for extending to us an invitation to be present at the "At Homes" given by them. The last is at the time of writing, a joy yet in store for some fortunate member of the staff, and if the hospitality of '01 is at all like that of the senior and junior years he is sure of a good time. Such functions make a pleasant break in the monotonous existence of the weary editor, and to some extent reconcile him to the scarcity of wedding cake and other dainties that were bestowed so liberally on the editor of olden times. Perhaps these little gatherings are but the harbinger of better days, and when in the early years of the coming century their fruits are seen, there will be many a little packet to gladden the heart and derange the digestive organs of the then editor. Who knows?

* * *

Students of the ancient classics will be pleased to know that, through the kindness of Mr. W. L. Grant, M.A., of Upper Canada College, the latest edition of Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities has been added to the Reference Library.

* * *

We feel it to be our duty this week to say a word or two to the city papers. Not many weeks ago the *Times* took the trouble to deal with the students editorially on the matter of patronage, insinuating that the students were clamoring for full reports of all college meetings, &c., and at the same time were getting all their printing done at job offices. So far as we are aware there is no consuming desire on the part of the students to have college affairs written up in the daily press. It is the exception for some of the Kingston papers to report anything pertaining to the College with any degree of accuracy, and especially was this the case during the football-athletic controversy this fall. As we understand it a newspaper exists for the purpose of giving news, and it is for the editor or proprietor to determine whether any particular news item is of such general interest as to add to the value of his paper in the eyes of his subscribers. If it is of such a character, then it seems most childish for him to refrain from publishing it, because somebody has given a five dollar order to a job office. But the charge that the College does not give its patronage to the newspapers is not true. The JOURNAL, the Quarterly, and the Medical Quarterly, which is largely supported and controlled by the members of the Medical Faculty, are being printed by one or other of the newspaper offices, and both the University and

Medical calendars were printed last year by the same.

Such complaints, however, even though they have a tendency to make unthinking citizens believe that we are dealing unfairly with these great organs of public thought, are as nothing compared with the anxiety of some of the papers to discredit and villify the students on every possible occasion. Fortunately the citizens know us, and know also the weakness of certain newspaper men in certain directions, and therefore we can safely appeal to them on our record when we are accused of rowdyism and disgraceful conduct. But outsiders who read the *Whig* and the *Times*' reports of our election excitement on Saturday night must think that the lives of the citizens of Kingston are in a constant state of jeopardy, and that the whole body of students compose a lawless mob with no respect for the person or property of citizens.

We admit that there may have been some little excess of animal spirits that night, but there was no disgraceful row in the City Hall, everything being done with the utmost good nature, and if on the street pedestrians were inconvenienced for a minute or two by a good-natured and rollicking crowd of the boys, surely the offence need not be heralded over the country as a disgraceful exhibition of rowdyism.

* * *

In the realm of politics time's whirl-i-gig brings about some curious situations. The late lamented Manitoba school question had scarcely been decently interred when prohibition was thrust forward into the political arena. In the former question the spectacle was presented of a province being coerced into accepting separate schools, and the Province of Quebec represented as manipulating the thumbscrew. The result of the vote on the recent plebiscite has shown that if a prohibitory law is to be enacted the cry of coercing a province will almost certainly again be raised, but presto! the shoe is on the other foot now, and the would-be coercer of Manitoba in the matter of separate schools is in a fair way to be coerced herself in the matter of prohibition. We doubt not that the humor of the situation will strike our French neighbors in Quebec, but as for our prohibitionist friends in Ontario who were loud in denouncing coercion of Manitoba, will they see it? That at least many of them do not is clear from the labored articles appearing in the daily press which seek to deny that there is any analogy between the two cases. But who ever thought it necessary to assert categorically that there was? This undue haste to disabuse the public mind of such an impression is very suspicious. It reminds the writer of the little boy who hastened

to inform his mother, on her return from town, that he hadn't been stealing any sugar. The fact is that our above-mentioned friends find themselves upon the horns of a dilemma. Some accept the alternative that the situation revealed by the recent vote precludes the possibility, or at least the advisability, of the enactment of a prohibitory law. Others throw logic to the winds and, though stoutly denouncing coercion a few years ago in the matter of separate schools, are all for coercion now in the matter of prohibition. If we may be allowed to append a moral we should say, first, that the faddist is ever devoid of a saving sense of humor, and, secondly, that it makes a great deal of difference whose ox is gored.

Literary.

JOHN SPLENDID.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

SINCE the days of Scott the world has learned to have respect for Scotch novelists, although of late so many have gone to work so earnestly to make the past of their country live in romance that a shout has gone up "something too much of this." Still another writer enters the field and the readers of Stevenson and Crockett will be compelled to give him a hearing.

Although Neil Munro has been known for some years in England (short stories by him were published in 1893 in the *Speaker* and *National Observer*) it was not till the first chapters of his *John Splendid* appeared in January of the present year in *The Bookman* that he began to be talked about in America. He is a Highlander in name, in appearance, in feeling. Born at Inverary he all but faced the battle of life with a shepherd's crook as a herd laddie, instead of with a pen. The world can only rejoice that it was fated otherwise, that the sympathy and imagination that would have been lost have been given to mankind.

He is a Celt through and through, and his Celtic genius surpasses in some respects all others who have entered the much-worked field of Scotch story. He has been praised for his plot interest, but his novel lacks this interest; in the sense in which *Ivanhoe* and *The Little Minister* are stories it is not one: it has been praised for its portrayal of women, but the women are shadowy, their outlines borrowed from Scott. Even his Highland beldame suggests Meg Merrillies, but she is done with a vigor that promises much:

"She leered, witch-like, at him, clutched suddenly at his sword-hilt, and kissed it with a frenzy of words, then sped off, singing madly as she flew."

"We left the Dark Dame of Levenside as we ferried over to Lochaber, and the last we saw of her, she stood knee-deep in the water, calling, calling, calling, through the gray, dim morning, a curse on Clan Donald and a blessing on Argile."

His heroes, too, are not strikingly original and are easily surpassed by Stevenson, but he is without an equal in his power to give the atmosphere of the Highlands, his power to enter sympathetically into the Highland language, character, and scenery. Matthew Arnold has said that, "The Celt's sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it (his poetry) a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature.... Now, of this delicate natural magic Celtic, romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts."

In this "natural magic" Neil Munro excels. The rugged mountains, the barren moors, the nestling lochs, the mighty northern seas live in his book. Scott, Stevenson, Maclaren, Crockett, Barrie, have all written well about Scotland's glens and heather clad hills, but when John Splendid is read with care it will be found that the author has breathed a new spirit into the Highlands; that his fellow-countrymen have all written with a Saxon taint, but that he, with a Celtic sensuousness and passionate love of the land of his boyhood, has interpreted his country's face as no other writer has done. A hundred specimens of his genius as an interpreter of Nature might be taken from his book; one taken at random will serve as an illustration:

"I stood on the hillock clotted with its stunted saugh-trees and waited for the day that was inustering somewhere to the east, far by the frozen sea of moss and heather tuft. A sea more lonely than any ocean the most wide and distant.... The moorfowl does not cry there, the coney has no habitation. It rolled, that sea so sour, so curdled, from my feet away to mounts I knew by day stupendous and not so far, but now in the dark so hid that they were but troubled clouds upon the distant marge. There was a day surely when, lashing up on those hills around, were waters blue and stinging, and some plague-breath blew on them and they shivered and dried and cracked into this parched semblance of what they were in the old days when the galleys sailed over. No galleys now. No white birds calling eagerly in the storm. No silver bead of spray. Only in its season the cannoch tuft, and that itself but sparsely; the very bluebell shuns a track so desolate, the sturdy gall itself finds no nourishment here."

This natural magic, combined with a felicity of word seldom equalled, will find John Splendid a

wide circle of readers. He has other powers too. Some of his incidents are given with wonderful vividness, and his contrasts have at times a Shakespearean strength. A paragraph from the duel scene at the close of the novel shows him at his best, combining a natural magic, a vividness in narration, a striking contrast that it would be hard to parallel in the literature of Scotland:

"A faint chill breeze rose and sighed among the wood, breathed from the west that faced me, a breeze bearing the odour of the tree more strong than before, and of corrupt leafage in the heughs. Our weapons tinkled and rasped, the true-points hissed and the pommels rang, and into the midst of this song of murderous game there trespassed the innocent love-lilt of a bird. I risked him the flash of an eye as he stood, a becking black body on a bough, his yellow beak shaking out a flutey note of passionate serenade. Thus the irony of nature; no heed for us, the head and crown of things created: the bird would build its home and hatch its young upon the sapling whose roots were soaked by young MacLachlan's blood."

Although Neil Munro has written several other stories, John Splendid might be called his first sustained effort; and it has a tyro's faults. At times in his most passionate lyrical flights (and he is at times intensely poetical) a jarring roughness breaks in like the "skirr" of the bag-pipes; he is too fond likewise of repeating some striking word which when first used had a unique obtrusiveness that burned the idea on the reader's mind and heart. He seems, too, to lack the power of constructing a great and sustained plot, but that may come with the years that bring the philosophic mind.

—T.G.M.

K. P. R. Neville, M.A., '96, writes us from Harvard a word of praise and encouragement. He is pursuing his classical studies with a view to the degree of Ph.D., and is enjoying the work.

Professor Macgillivray, Ph.D., has been unanimously chosen as Honorary President of the Modern Language Society.

The following is culled from the *Scots Pictorial* :— "A medical professor of a certain northern university has been appointed Honorary Physician to the Queen. Elated by the distinction, he posted a notice on his class-room door: 'Professor — has much pleasure in informing his class that he has been appointed Honorary Physician to Her Majesty.' A waggish student, however, considering the announcement rather brief, added the supplement—'God Save the Queen.' "

Contributions.

MY TRIP TO EUROPE.

CHE following extracts are taken from the log of a member of the class '99—published in *Toronto Cycling*—Oct. 13-27:

All of us cannot, it is true pursue the plan of actually travelling round the globe, but, thanks to modern invention, distances have been so shortened that Europe does not seem so far away on the one hand nor China on the other. With the electric cord that belts the earth, the palatial dining and Pullman cars and the floating palaces, we can go farther and see more in a few weeks now than we could have done in so many months in former times.

"We can go from the North Cape, which rises like a mighty sentinel to guard the coast of Northern Europe from the Arctic storms, from the land of the 'Midnight Sun,' from 'Greenland's icy mountains,' with a rapid stride south to where the ruined shrines of 'India's coral strand' raise their sublime and mutilated forms in silent protest at the ravages of time and man, fanned meanwhile by the perfumed breath of tropic vegetation, or shaded by the drooping fringes of the palm.

"We can see strange peculiarities of race and clime, from the unique and fascinating civilization of Japan to the barbaric splendour of Russian Kremlin, or the enchanting beauty of the Bosphorus."

QUEBEC.

On Sunday forenoon we reached Quebec, where we lay for an hour. This was our last calling place in Canada, and as the time for departure drew near the crowds began gathering on the wharf, companies of soldiers and military bands were drawn up on shore, and every available spot of ground, the windows and balconies, and the roofs of the houses were all covered with a mass of humanity. The steamer whistle blew for "all aboard" and "all ashore." The military bands struck up the National Anthem, flags were unfurled, and amid the booming of cannon, the waving of handkerchiefs and the hurrahs of the people, we steamed down on the broad bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence.

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

On the morning of the fifth day we were called by an unusually long and loud blast of the bugle, and the running to and fro in the corridors told us that something unusual was going on. We hastily dressed and hurried out on deck. We were surrounded by icebergs. They seemed like mountains. One was so large that its big sides seemed at our very elbow, and the lofty cluster of minarets seemed to be almost over our heads. The summit reflected the parallel rays of the morning sun and refracted

them on the pinnacles, forming prisms and separating the rays of light into a thousand colors, while the crevices formed deep shadows as a background, making the scintillating jets of light more luminous. Its radiance was strong and clear, but at the same time singularly soft and spiritual—it seemed a part of some enchanted land. At noon a strange phenomenon occurred. A small cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, formed over the largest of the icebergs. It increased in size, and remained over the ice-mountain for several hours. A beautiful rainbow was formed, whose colors were reflected and refracted from the "glittering bergs of ice" with a splendour that was dazzling. When daylight passed away the moon rose up behind the pinnacles of sky-piercing fingers of crystal ice; a rich greenish radiance sprang into the sky from behind the ice-mountain, vast radiating bars, broad fan-shaped shadows. It was a spectacle to take one's breath away, for the wonder of it and the sublimity.



FLEET STREET, LONDON.

LIVERPOOL.

In making a comparison of American and English cities, one is struck forcibly with the absence of electric cars and the eternal clouds of smoke that hang over the cities. Nine-tenths of all the Canadians who land at Liverpool stay there as little time as possible. My memories of the place are chiefly those of a hurried struggle to get from the steamer to the railroad station. It is the principal sea-port of England and second city in population, 700,000. Its situation on the River Mersey is excellent, and when coming into port we saw some of its famous docks. The only building of importance which we

saw, besides the hotel, which is a handsome structure resembling somewhat the Confederation Life on Yonge street, Toronto, was St. George's hall. It is situated directly opposite the hotel, is in the form of Greek temple, 600 feet long, adorned with Corinthian columns and many sculptures. Around it also are equestrian statues of Queen Victoria, Prince Consort and Beaconsfield. This building must always command the admiration of even the most hasty traveller.

ENGLISH RAILWAY CARS.

We left Liverpool for Sheffield in the funniest little cars. The coach is divided into three apartments, first, second and third-class. Each compartment is 8 ft long, 6 ft. wide by 7 high; capacity, ten persons. In travelling to Sheffield, a distance of 100 miles, we passed through four tunnels. When we got away from the big city, we caught glimpses of English rural scenery, of fields of new-mown hay, of hills and dales, English hedges of dark green luxuriant foliage, enclosing the comfortable homesteads of the peasantry, the richer homes of the better classes, ducal residences and palaces.

The diversified scenery in England makes travelling interesting; from the car window we have a continually changing panorama.

After a while we begin to ascend the range of mountains that forms the backbone of England, the Pennine range. The hedges are replaced with stone walls, the vegetation grows less luxuriant and soon disappears altogether, and only the black crests of the hills, barren, bleak, inhospitable, rugged, precipitous and oppressive, recalling Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." After passing the peak, we begin to rattle down into

SHEFFIELD

at the rate of 70 miles an hour. As 200,000 people are employed in the steel industry alone, one can imagine what a forest of chimneys and smoke stacks may be seen, and what a constant cloud of smoke all these factories produce. Taking a two-wheeled hansom, we drove up past the Green Dragon, the King's Head, the Boar's Head, and the Angel Hotel.

THE MARKET.

At the market I was amazed at the quantity and variety of fish sold. There were clams, periwinkles, shrimps, cockles, mussels, crabs, melks, limpets, snails, cockerel, prawn, place, halibut, and mackerel. The people stood around eating these with a relish. At the Angel Hotel I saw several ladies eating periwinkles, which looked to me very much like snails. With a long pin they removed the animal from the shell, held it dangling before their faces, and then ate, munching it as an epicure would the leg of a woodcock. It was shocking to me, but then I suppose one becomes accustomed to it. I went out on the street again. The fog still continued, and the drizzle and smoke and clatter and bustle made me realize that I was really and truly in Old England.

(To be Continued.)

University News.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

ON the evening of Nov. 26th a very largely attended meeting of the A.M.S. was held in the Junior Philosophy class-room. After the reading of the minutes a large number of freshmen was enrolled as members of the Society. The following were appointed as the Athletic Committee:—G. H. Williamson (Secretary), D. L. Gordon, J. F. Millar, H. Laidlaw, L. Thornton, C. Knight, G. F. Dalton, F. Carr-Harris, D. M. Solandt.

R. B. Dargavel, Business Manager of the JOURNAL for last year, then presented his report.

The following were elected officers of the Glee Club:—Hon. Pres., C. M. McGregor, B.A., Almonte; President, J. H. Edmison; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Lavell; 2nd Vice-President, J. F. Sparks; 3rd Vice-President, W. A. Guy; Secretary-Treasurer, R. D. Menzies; Committee, J. A. McIntosh, W. McDonald.

A committee was appointed to revise the constitution of the different athletic societies of the University. G. F. Dalton, secretary of the Hockey Club, reported having received communications from McGill re the formation of an Intercollegiate Hockey Union. This matter, together with the sending of representatives to the Ontario Hockey Union, was referred to the Athletic Committee.

Nominations for the A.M.S. elections were received as follows:—Hon. Pres., Rev. Dr. G. M. Milligan, (Acclamation); President, R. Burton, M.A., D. L. Gordon, B.A.; E. E. Fraleck, B.A.; Vice-President:—H. A. Hunter, W. McDonald, W. Purvis, W. R. Tandy; Critic, D. M. Robertson, (Acl.); Secretary, G. A. McGaughey, J. F. Sparks; Asst. Secy., H. D. Borley, F. J. Reilly; Treasurer, G. E. Ellis, J. Caldwell; Committee, J. F. Millar, W. J. Russell, A. Leitch, J. M. Young, F. F. Carr-Harris, K. R. McLennan. Scrutineers were appointed by the society, all other arrangements being left to the Executive.

Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 29th, a special meeting of the Society was held in Convocation Hall to make arrangements that those registered students who had not yet been enrolled as members of the Society might be allowed to vote at the coming election. After the adjournment of the meeting, the President of the Senior Year in Arts took the chair and called on the several candidates in the A.M.S. election to address the electors.

A hearty reception and a good hearing was given to the speakers until the critic-elect appeared, when a very great wind-storm seemed to arise. From then to the end of the meeting the greatest confu-

sion prevailed, the candidates only being able to go to the platform, make their little bow and retire.

All the ballots having been counted President Shortt called a meeting of the Society in the City Hall on the evening of Dec. 3rd. The following were declared the successful candidates:—Hon. Pres., Rev. Dr. G. M. Milligan, (Accl.); President, R. Burton, M.A.; 1st Vice-President, H. A. Hunter, B.A.; 2nd Vice-President, W. McDonald, B.A.; Critic, D. M. Robertson, (Accl.); Secretary, J. F. Sparks; Ass't Sec'y, H. D. Borley; Treasurer, G. E. Ellis; Committee, F. F. Carr-Harris, J. F. Millar, A. Leitch, J. M. Young.

W. C. Baker gave notice *re* the amendments of Article IV, Section 1, of the constitution by adding "payable on or before University Day."

A committee representative of the Faculty, Arts, Medicine and Science was appointed to consider the matter of holding a *Conversazione*. On motion by J. D. Byrnes the meeting adjourned.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS.

The following is a synopsis of the address delivered in Convocation Hall on Sunday, Nov. 27th, by Rev. R. J. Hutcheon, M.A., of Almonte:

In what I have to say let me not be understood as wishing to find fault with the spirit of this University. Queen's has too large a place in the affections of her graduates to make it easy for any one of them to turn the weapons of criticism against her. But while acknowledging life-long obligations to this University, it does not argue any lack of enthusiasm for a graduate to warn her students of the dangers to which they will be exposed in College life. One can see those dangers better when he has passed out of them than when he is in the thick of them, and therefore I desire to speak to-day with all frankness and candour of the dangers of a college course.

1. The worship of false heroes. Hero-worship is inevitable in the college halls, for our most enduring profit is received from the personal influence of our teachers and our living fellowship with student friends. But hero-worship carries with it not only a great blessing but possibly a great curse. A man becomes in course of time what he reflects, so that in hero-worship as much depends on the hero as on the kind of worship we offer him.

Now the greatest enemies of our higher life are not the blatantly immoral, for their sin repels us, but the men who are clever enough or genial enough to make their sin look so harmless as to force us to lower our moral standards in order to admit them on easy terms into our society. Every community has such enemies, men who chill the moral atmosphere by their indifference to the more refined moral

distinctions of Christianity and thus insensibly dissipate the moral enthusiasm of young and growing natures. The coarse joker and cynic are too easily forgiven their irreverence and cynicism and become heroes in the eyes of boys and young men. Nor does this worship of false heroes cease when men enter the colleges. The boy, who on the streets would naturally gravitate to the vulgar wit and the cynic, will soon discover and worship a false hero on the campus or in the class-room.

One of these heroes is the mere sport. He may not pursue any of the higher moral or intellectual ideals, but provided he can kick a football or drive the puck over the ice, he is raised into the rank of heroes and sometimes receives all the honors of his Alma Mater. Any such indifference to the moral aimlessness or even the positive immorality of a man dulls the fine edge of moral perception and inevitably lowers the spirit of the university.

Another of these heroes is the pedant, the man who pursues truth, not for the power or enjoyment it brings into life, but for its market value, or as a social decoration, and whose burning of the midnight oil is dictated by a spirit of vain glory. The worship of such a man blinds us to the real aims of college life. As one looks back upon the graduates of a university from the standpoints of the professions or of practical work, the first question about a man is not what degree he has, but how far he has transformed his knowledge into character and personality. The knowledge which has no moral element in it is the most dangerous weapon a university could put in the hands of young men or women.

2. The second danger of which I would remind you is the *spirit of irreverence or the decline of devotional habits.* Now, when I use the phrase "devotional habits," I do not narrow it down to mean one thing only, for the devotional habits are bound to vary with age, environment, set and temperament. For one man devotion means reading a chapter in the Bible every day; for another going to the church and offering prayer at stated seasons; for another leaving the city and human society to wander alone along the shores and over the hills, with his mind thrown open to all the subtle influences of nature; for another the worship of the heroic in human action and the reverent contemplation of the history of human society. We must not narrow the meaning of the term devotion or regard as irreverent and godless those who do not worship at our shrines. I am not ashamed to say that apart from the Bible, the devotional books which have helped me most were the lives of F. W. Robertson and Norman McLeod and the Journal of Amill. But whatever form our devotion may take it seeks to body forth

more or less consciously our sense of dependence upon and our feeling of union with the infinite spirit of the universe.

Now, as I look at life, it seems to me that it would be better for a man to lose anything else rather than his attitude of reverence towards the great religious sentiments which have ever been in the heart of the human race. There is not a branch of learning which does not need the reverent student. If you are a student of biblical theology, the most elaborate textual and historical criticism will not enable you to enter into the mind of the biblical writers unless that criticism goes hand in hand with the most reverent sympathy for the facts of the religious life with which those writers deal. If you are a student of literature, the best philological apparatus and the most tuneful ear will not open up the hidden treasures of the poets unless you have the profoundest moral and intellectual sympathy with the great ideas which inform their poems. If you are a student of medicine, no accuracy of technical knowledge will ever make you a success in the larger sense as a practitioner if you take up towards the great spiritual interests of humanity an attitude of scorn or profane irreverence. And surely we all know enough about the great scientists to be aware that they were not men of flippant habits, but felt that every new item of established knowledge only revealed more clearly the extent of the unknown and gave them a new cause for boundless wonder. That any man should stand irreverent to-day amid the vast accumulation of facts and experiences which our scientific and historical researches have unearthed for us—that any man in the midst of a world which evolution has made ten thousand times more wonderful, should feel himself omniscient and unteachable because of some cheap triumph of a college course—seems to me surpassing strange. My student friends, be sure that the spirit of irreverence will blind your eyes to all the higher and finer aspects of truth. If you have read Carlyle or Browning at all you know what one means when he says that this visible world is but the garment of the invisible God, and he who has no spiritual affiliation with the invisible God will be unable to penetrate very deeply into the mystery of the visible world—at any rate his knowledge will be of little service to his personal life.

In the light, then, of our need of reverence if truth is to admit us into her innermost sanctuary, let me urge you to use every possible means of cherishing that feeling of reverence which, in all probability, you brought with you into the college halls. It is not a question of the manner of expressing reverence; I care not what means you use, whether the Bible or other books of devotion,

whether your prayers be uttered or unexpressed, whether your worship be public or private, only take care not to forget in the multiplicity of your duties and of the ideas that invite your allegiance, that your first duty is to live in your own soul and that any prize is dearly won when it robs you of interest in your spiritual life. The new knowledge which you are sure to receive may make your old forms of devotion inadequate; your earlier spiritual exercise may lose their efficacy; your attitude to the Bible and the church may undergo a revolution as as you perceive the real grounds on which their authority rests; new spiritual spectres may haunt you as your mind opens to the deeper mysteries and tragedies of thought and life; but whatever changes may be forced upon you by your growing knowledge of the world, shun cynicism and irreverence as you would the incarnate evil. If you are patient, God will clothe your now naked faith in new forms of devotion, will plant your Bible and your church on foundations that cannot be moved, and give you a new philosophy of life which will put to flight at least many of your spiritual spectres. Be sure that you cannot in a month or a year repair in after life the ravages which an irreverent college course made upon your nature. Every oath, every coarse witicism, every clever sneer at the simple faith of your childhood, every violation of the commands of conscience leaves you a weaker man in the face of a future which may try your moral strength even to the point of breaking. Remember that it is not detachment from, but affiliation with, the general life of society that makes your life rich and fruitful, and that this matter of being right as against the world is a dangerous business. Remember that it is moral strength and not intellectual acuteness that insures your life's victory, and that no greater injury can be inflicted on your spirit than the loss of the atmosphere of devotion and reverence. I know of no wall of defence for the soul of man like the atmosphere of religious feeling and devoutness. The highest achievements in life are attained only by those beautiful spirits who have preserved through all its changes the identity of their earliest religious instinct.

3. There is another danger against which I would warn you, although it is necessarily one which only the highest minds encounter, viz., *premature abstraction*.

For some natures speculation is a necessity. Every intellectual pursuit, literary, or scientific, or ethical, drives them sooner or later into metaphysics. But while it is quite right to speculate even on the highest matters, while it is necessary to ask ourselves the reason of the hope that is in us, let us not forget that it is possible to injure our religious

life and also lose the uses of lofty speculation by premature or too continuous abstraction. We can so weary ourselves with endless speculation to bring on exhaustion of the spiritual faculty and sometimes even its death. Exhaustion follows on the straining of any of our powers, and there is no despair so melancholy as that of a man like Amiel, who almost destroyed his personality by over-abstraction. Premature speculation sometimes tears men too violently from their past, destroys their interest in the social relationships of life and pulls down their old faith so rapidly that they have not time or energy to build up a new faith in their souls. Sometimes, also, men without any real capacity for grappling with the higher problems of thought force themselves into these problems, and the consequence is that they become the slaves of mere phrases, barren formulæ and vague generalizations.

If, then, our nature forces us into speculation, how shall we secure its great gains without its pride or its despair? Let us reserve our higher studies, as far as possible, for the latter part of our college course, so that we may enter them with a strong literary and historical preparation. And when we have entered them, and exhaustion threatens to tire or kill the spiritual faculty, let us immerse ourselves, as far as possible, in the concrete and the imaginative; let us turn to the Christian charities and sacrifice our daily life to those common duties in the doing of which our Lord Himself found His spirit's satisfaction. Let us, while students, not overlook the little things of life, those duties and pleasures and charities which make no violent strain on the intellect or the spirit, and which keep us in a healthy relationship with our fellowmen. Let us remember that the end of life is not an action, but a thought, and that God's needs in the world not mere thinking-machines, but loving minds and loving hearts.

CLASSICAL AND PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first regular meeting of the Classical and Philological Society for this session was held on Friday, Nov. 25th. The success of this meeting augurs well for those that are to follow. Mr. W. L. Grant, a graduate of Queen's, as well as of Oxford, consented to read a paper upon the Greek Anthology. The paper from beginning to end showed that the scholar's hand had carefully worked in the preparation. For the benefit of any present who had not had the advantages of a classical education—perhaps for the benefit of others—Mr. Grant explained that the word "Anthology" meant a *nosegay* and was applied to a collection of Greek epigrams which were gathered into their final shape by Con-

stantinius Cephalus, a scholar of the 10th century. The collection consists of some 4,500 pieces selected from the writings of over 300 writers. Simple brief, concise, in perfect accord with Greek taste, pregnant of meaning, pure in diction, and each a unity in itself, these epigrams are particularly valuable, as being the expression in a living and growing form of Greek thought throughout the intellectual rise and fall of Greece. Love, anger, all the passions here find expression; a light is thrown on facts of history, works of art are described, inscriptions on temples are given, oracles, epitaphs, rules of rhetoric, ethical maxims, puzzles and enigmas, all the varying flowers of facts and ideas are worked into this precious nosegay. Last of all, a valuable glimpse of the domestic life of Greece is given.

Mr. Grant's paper will surely have its effect in arousing the interest of Queen's students in exploring this little-known field of study. His quotations and brilliant translations gave the taste which should certainly arouse appetites that can be satisfied only in a further study of the Anthology.

Q. U. M. A.

At the regular meeting of the Missionary Association held Saturday, Dec. 3rd, Messrs. Wilson, McConnell and Prittie were appointed a committee to look after supply for the various mission fields entrusted to the care of the Association, and Messrs. Kannawin, McDonald, McMillan, Byrnes and Brown a committee to see after the securing of new members.

Mr. Hicks, travelling Secretary of the Intercollegiate Y.M.C.A. movement, then addressed the Association, dwelling on the importance of missions and the responsibilities resting on the members of stirring up a general interest in missions.

Divinity Hall.

PENDING the preparation of a "graph," making clear to naked eye the distinguishing features of a homily, a lecture and a popular sermon, the Moderator has sanctioned the following definitions:—A *homily* has neither beginning nor ending, *vide* Malchisidek. A *lecture* has a beginning but there is no end to it *e.g.* Mrs. Caudle's. A *sermon* has well-marked divisions. Scheme:—Introduction or Exordium (A) (B). I (a) (b) II (a) 1. 2. (b) 1. 2. (c) 1. 2. (d) 1. 2 &c. III. (a) 1, 2, 3 &c. IV. similarly divided and so ad inf., including the heads, lastly, finally, and in conclusion, peroration.

Admirable as such a clear-cut skeleton is, we fear that a sermon thus made might not commend itself to Prof. Dyde, who is kindly hearing the prophecies of our modern prophets, on the principle that nothing is quite so much in need of criticism as that

which is the product of inner breathing. The last word does not refer to elocutionary and physical inspiration and expiration, but is meant in a spiritual sense. However, he gave us an admirable illustration of the use of mechanism, in that hymn, each verse of which ends with the words, "For his mercies aye endure, Ever faithful, ever sure," by simply putting the emphasis on a different word each time the couplet is read. It is a nice illustration of the relation of form to spirit. As Emerson wrote of weightier matters,—"A whole popedom of forms, one pulsation of virtue can uplift and vivify." . . . "Let the breath of new life be breathed by you through the forms already existing."

Rev. Geo. W. Rose, B.A., is settled at La Raviere, Man., and Rev. Frank Pitts, B.A., at Temiscamingue, Ont.

Rev. R. J. Hutcheon, M.A., of Almonte, has been brightening the halls for several days, having long ago transcended compulsory class attendance.

Rev. Mr. Falconer, of Truro, is delivering very beautiful lectures. Indeed we dreamt that the Alumni conference was here, but it was only a dream, occasioned by the statement in the *Westminster* that Dr. Milligan had been elected President of the Alumni Association of Queen's. Of course the Alma Mater Society is what is meant. And, sir, I submit that according to Phil. 4, 8, (R. V. margin) we may now write Rev. Dr. Milligan or Hon. Dr. Milligan at will. We may also write "Rev. D. M. Robertson, Critic, and Hon. Robt. Burton, Pres." and "Gordon's a jolly good fellow."

Another of the graduating class who came to us from Queen's was Hugh Grant. He came via Alberta, where he had spent a year in mission work among the farmers and ranchers of the foothills. Strong of physique, manly in bearing, yet kindly, he gained for himself the esteem of all his fellow-students. He was one of those fellows who say little of himself, so we have not much to tell about him here, but whatever it was his experience has built up for him a strong Christian character. Frequently during the summer he was in demand to fill vacancies in the city pulpits, and while the pastor of St. Stephen's was absent in September, he preached with acceptance to that congregation. Mr. Grant was ordained by the Presbytery of Winnipeg in Westminster Church on August 30th, and early in October left for Pincher Creek, Alberta, where he is now stationed as missionary. We expect to see him back to Winnipeg during the Xmas holidays on an interesting errand, after which we hope he will be able to settle down to his life's work, followed by the rich success he deserves.—*Manitoba College Journal*.

Arts Department.

COMMENTS.

CHE Senior Year in Arts this session, with that desire for progress which has characterized them all through their course, departed from an old custom and placed two candidates in the field for the presidency of the A.M.S. They took this stand in order to secure a good election and the results, in the very material shape of \$200 in the treasury, are sufficient to prove that the move was a good one and that the lagging interest in the annual elections has been very much revived.

Now that the elections are over everyone breathes a sigh of relief and looks forward to a good session's work with no more disturbing influences. We have had a good healthy contest with plenty of excitement, during which we have had a rest from the stress of our studies, and from which we will soon again be relieved by the happy pastimes of Christmas and New Year's. The keenness with which the contest was carried on must have inspired all with a sense of the comprehensive training we receive at Queen's, which fits a man as far as possible for any walk of life and gives a bird's-eye view of every field of action.

The Concursus has at last held its first session for the term and has been eminently successful in its object. A member of the freshman class appeared before this august tribunal charged with several offences, of which he was proven guilty and was given his freedom after receiving a reprimand and a lot of good advice from the judge, and on paying a quite considerable fine, from a freshman point of view. There are several other cases to come off, which have been postponed on account of the excitement caused by the elections, but those will be pushed through now in as short a time as possible. The result of the one case has had a very salutary effect upon the order in the different junior classes, if all that has been said is true, and if the results in the cases to follow are as beneficial, the Concursus will be doing all that can be desired.

The Arts dinner, which was to have taken place on the 9th inst., has fallen through for lack of support. The committee found that it would be unadvisable for the Arts students to hold a dinner and invite the faculty and others to be present when only twenty-five per cent. of the students themselves were there. It is regrettable that more zeal was not manifested, but it may be due to the fact that the interests of Arts students are more diversified than are those of Science and Medical students. However, there is nothing for it but to be resigned to our fate and trust that some time in the future we may be able to hold such a function.

CLASS REPORTS.

'oo.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 22nd, the junior year held at "At Home" at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Williamsville. Over a hundred were present, including delegates from other years and faculties. Mr. T. C. Brown, President, thanked the host and hostess for placing their home at the disposal of the year. Then followed an excellent programme of music and recitations, all of which was well rendered. Before dispersing the song composed by the class poet, Miss U. Macallister, was sung by the company, as well as several old Queen's songs. The evening was most enjoyably spent, and as the company departed, the well-known yell of 'oo rent the air:

"Hark! the herald angels thundered;
Queen's, Queen's 1900."

A regular meeting of the junior year was held on Thursday, Dec. 1st. At a previous special meeting Messrs. McGaughey and Sparks were nominated for the office of Secretary in the Alana Mater Society, also Mr. Russell for Committeeman. Miss Best and Mr. Longwell were appointed delegates to the '99 "At Home." Mr. Spark's resignation from the Programme Committee was accepted and Mr. MacIntosh appointed in his place. The committee appointed to make changes in the constitution of the year then gave its report. The year was asked to appoint two of its members to meet two from '99 in a debate on the "Practicability or ImpRACTICABILITY of Imperial Federation." Addresses were given by the President, Mr. Brown, 1st Vice-President, Miss MacPherson, 2nd Vice-President, Mr. McQuarrie.

'oo.

The regular meeting of the year was held on Nov. 30th. Mr. Ellis was appointed critic. Miss Laird and Mr. Thornton were appointed delegates to '99 "At Home." It was decided to have 200 year bulletins printed, and the President, the Secretary and Mr. McCormack were appointed a committee to prepare a suitable Gaelic motto for the same. Miss Shaw reported for the At Home Committee. Then followed the programme of the evening, which consisted of selections from a gramophone. Votes of thanks were moved to Mr. Thompson, the owner of the gramophone, and Messrs. Pound and Reilly, who had obtained the use of it for the evening. Miss Stone gave the Critic's report.

'oo.

A regular meeting of '02 was held Monday, Nov. 21st. T. D. Macgillivray and Miss Barnet were appointed delegates to the "At Home" of 'oo, and Miss Graham and W. McInnes delegates to the "At Home" of '99. It was decided to hold an "At

Home," and the President was authorized to appoint a general committee. J. W. Young was chosen to run as Committeeman in the A.M.S. election. The Prophet, J. H. Hutcheson, delivered his prophecy and for fifteen minutes kept the year "in fits."

At a special meeting on Friday, Nov. 25th, H. D. Borley and F. J. Rielly were chosen as candidates for Assistant Secretary of the A.M.S.

A regular meeting was held Dec. 5th. Miss Watson and E. G. Twitchell were appointed delegates to the '01 "At Home." The President reported having appointed the following "At Home" Committeec: Misses Smythe, Watson, Fleming and Graham, Messrs. Macgillivray, McDonald, Borley, Twitchell and McInnes (convenor). Messrs. Borley, McDonald and Rielly then gave an instrumental selection, the President an address, Mr. K. Walkem a cornet solo, and the Poetess a poem. After the Critic's report the candidates in the late A.M.S. elections delivered short addresses.

Y. M. C. A.

The thanksgiving service on Nov. 25th was conducted by W. J. McQuarrie. The attendance was not quite as large as that of some previous meetings, as several of the students had gone to spend their Thanksgiving holidays at home. During the course of the meeting it was pointed out that the true spirit of thanksgiving involved the faithful use of all our privileges in striving to better the conditions of others.

The meeting of Dec. 2nd was led by D. L. Gordon, who gave an interesting address on the "Sanctity of the Body." He tried to impress upon his fellow-students the fact that while the body, as a sacred thing, should be developed in every way, yet this development should not be considered as an end in itself, but only as a means to the full development of the spiritual side of man's life. At the close of the regular meeting, Mr. H. W. Hicks, the travelling secretary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, addressed the meeting for a few minutes by way of greetings to Queen's from the colleges in the Maritime Provinces, which he had recently visited.

POLITICAL SCIENCE AND DEBATING CLUB.

"The Departmental Store is Detrimental to Economic and Social Progress" was the subject for discussion at the regular meeting of the Political Science and Debating Club held on Thursday, Dec. 1st. Messrs. Solandt and Donnell advanced the arguments in favor of the affirmative, while Messrs. McLaren and Pringle supported the negative. The judges decided in favor of the latter.

Y. W. C. A.

Nov. 11th.—On account of the inter-collegiate convention no regular meeting was held this week.

Nov. 18.—Our missionary subject was taken this week by our President, Miss McLennan. After the reading of the regular paper, a discussion took place concerning the past convention. A number of the girls took part and told what thoughts had benefitted them most. It was agreed by all that only those who are entirely consecrated to the Lord, those who have placed themselves in the current as it were, that only these can make their lives truly instrumental for good to the saving of souls.

Nov. 25th.—Subject, "Praise the Lord." Miss De La Mater brought out in her paper how thankful all should be, and especially the college girls, who are surrounded by influences tending to mould and build up dispositions found in a perfect life. The spirit of fault-finding was condemned and each girl felt that it would be difficult to enumerate her blessings.

Dec. 2nd.—Subject, "Our Brother's Burden and Our Own." Leader, Miss Wilkie. This subject was viewed from several stand points. Our leader clearly impressed us with the importance of leaning on the Everlasting Arm, which is ever ready to support us. Several of the girls took part in the discussion.

We would be pleased to see more of the new girls at our Friday night meetings.

Ladies' Column.**CONTRIBUTED.**

COLLEGE days! The very word has a witchery about it that, like the magician's wand, can carry us far off, away from the perplexity and hurry and troubles of life back to the quietness and peace of old times. To the graduate there is ever a halo before her as she looks back the long avenue down which she has come and sees, not dimmed by distance, but perchance even fairer by its enchantment, the Alma Mater that she loves. She never hears "Old Hundred" sung but in a moment she is back again and sitting with averted face in the English room and listening to the soul-inspiring strains of

"Queen's College is our jolly home."

What will be the recollections of the girls of today I cannot say; perhaps they themselves may sing now for ought I know to the contrary; but I write of the good old times when girls walked in the halls with haled breath and downcast eye, and started in terror if they saw a man, when the Levana room was not, and no one felt the need of it, for lounging in the college had not as yet been introduced. Oh, well! there are doubtless many advan-

tages in the new system. I do not know it and have no right to criticize, but I do know what it is the fashion now to style the "dark ages," and I say emphatically that they were not dark.

It is sweet to look back upon those times, and if the readers of the JOURNAL are inclined now to be impatient with the prosings of an old out-of-date dreamer, they will understand better some day, when they, too, have grown out-of-date and must think of it all as past.

We come up in our freshman year, even as you do now, with our hearts thrilling with the glamour and freshness of the life we had so often heard described, looking forward with a sort of awe to living our four years among the learned (?) of the earth, and eager to pick up the grains of wisdom which would fall, we believed, with every word.

We were greeted the first day we arrived with

"Hop along, Sister Mary."

We gazed curiously round, wondering if this peculiar and bewildering demonstration were a well-meant effort to make us feel cheerful in our new abode, or if indeed much learning had made them mad. If the former, we somehow felt that they had missed their mark; if the latter! —and we looked about for a way of escape. Then gradually it dawned upon us that these were not the serious, studious youth of our dreams; that man in the corner, for instance—we were afraid to look at him, but our shy side-glances had suggested to us the dreadful thought that he was tying the man in front of him to the seat by the ends of his gown. We looked again—it was true. We fell from the clouds with a dull thud. And that man in the back seat; did we not see a glimmer of pale blue in his hand, and—oh shades of Virgil! it was true—a black key upon the blue. And that other one who made bad jokes in season and out of season! And the whole class that interrupted with profane trampings the great professor, before whom we scarcely dared to raise our eyes! Alas! Alas! they were not what we had expected; we were completely disillusioned. And soon—but tell it not to the classical professor—we might have been seen slipping into the book-stores under cover of night and emerging with guilty faces, and blue books beneath our arms.

We never dared, of course, to take any part in the songs, but we learnt to enjoy them (a process requiring some time), and they form one of my most vivid recollections now. One can stand a tenor that is continually dropping down into bass, and a bass that is ever striving upwards to soprano, these are common incidents of everyday life; but what would you say to a man who wandered through all the parts, never striking one, now far, far below the bass, now up at G, away beyond the soprano. I am not

musical myself and do not know the technical term to describe him; he may have been a prodigy, his range was certainly wide, but the effect used to seem to us extraordinary. Extraordinary, too, were some of the songs: "The Old Ontario Strand," of course, was always in evidence, and we were all proud of it; and there was something to be said even for "Litoria," in spite of the hideous "no-language" of the chorus; but what man in his sober senses could defend that excruciating thing that began, (or begins, for I heard it last convocation)

"I went to the animal fair?"

A very sad thing happened at one time when a girl, unable to retire after a reasonable dose of this music, lost her reason altogether for several days, and it is whispered that in her frenzy she kept repeating in agonized accents "Monkey! Monkey! Monkey!"

But I am filling far too much space, for I was only asked to write a few words to remind the girls of to-day that there are many others who have gone before them and are watching them now, seeing their own youth renewed in them. Oh! ye students of Queen's, Divinities and smooth-faced tutors, ye little know all those who look upon you from without the old gray walls, and to you all we say,

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying."

Only be sure you choose your rose-buds well.

—H. D.

LEVANA NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Levana Society was held Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, when the arrangements for the "At Home" were completed. We are still looking for that loyal support of the Levana Society which, as our President so clearly pointed out, it is every girl's duty to give.

[A report of the "At Home" has been handed in, but too late for insertion in this number.—ED.]

Medical College.

BIRTH.

RI查德森—On December 6th, to the wife of the Rev. A. W. Richardson, a daughter."

This probably explains why our medical editor's "copy" did not come to hand. The excuse is a "little one," but it goes. Congratulations, Alex.

First young lady canvasser—"Why are you voting and working for Mr. F—?"

Second young lady canvasser—"Because I think he would make just a *lovely* President."

Science Hall.

NOTES.

A MEETING of the Engineering Society was held on Nov. 25th. W. F. Smeeton resigned the Judgeship of the Science Court and F. W. Jackson was appointed his successor. J. C. Murray was appointed Court Crier. Great things things are expected of the crier when he is called upon to do his duty.

At a meeting held on Nov. 30th, the question of a dance, under the auspices of Science Hall was discussed. After numerous speeches, short and otherwise, a vote was taken and it was decided not to hold the dance. The general impression seemed to be that it would interfere too much with the Science dinner which comes on next session. E. L. Fralick was appointed Science representative to '99 "At Home" on Dec. 2nd.

A meeting was held on Dec. 6th to select a delegate for the tenth Annual Dinner of the Undergraduates of the School of Practical Science, Toronto, on the 9th inst. C. P. Merritt is the lucky man, and on his return will doubtless have so much to relate that we will all be envious of him.

Well, A.M.S. elections are over, and Science Hall has had her first crack at the Presidency of that august body. We didn't come out on top, nor did we come out underneath, and we gave the other boys a good run for their money, and helped to make the election one of the most hotly contested in the history of the College. "We're slightly disfigured but still in the ring."

Prof. Harris had another survey party out last Saturday, and as a result the boys who were with him, and there were ten of them, know every stick and stone between the College and Draper's farm, Pittsburg Road. The transit has not quite recovered from the severe and sudden shock it received two weeks ago, but did very well under the circumstances. Did you ever hear of a "buffalo throw-back?" That's one of Prof. Harris' terms, and he introduced the boys to a specimen of the new (?) species near Barriefield last Saturday. Any of the 2nd class surveying boys will tell you all about the beast.

C. G. Rothwell has left for Mexico to take a position as assistant manager of a mine at Concheno.

Some hoodoo must have found its way into the Quantitative Laboratory last week. Three of the boys spoilt their solutions in one day, the H. Cl. ran short, someone borrowed all the mortars, and disorder reigned generally. However things are getting down to normal again and the boys are gradually losing their scared look.

Some of the boys seemed to have forgotten that the workshops were not a set of bird cages, and it has become necessary to post a notice to that effect. It is quite a common sight now to see the janitor with his hands in the air as if pronouncing a benediction, facing some erring student and saying "Hush, say nothing at all."

The wothy "Alf." has always been considered the greatest and most successful worker of "gags" ever known round the College, but if he doesn't keep his eyes open he will soon be playing second fiddle to his youthful assistant "Jimmy," as some of the boys can tell to their sorrow and others' amusement. We extend this merely as a piece of friendly advice and hope it will be accepted in the same good spirit as it is given.

"Professor in Blow-piping—" You will notice that this borax head is not the genuine *Irish* color." He was trying to say *iron* color and got "fatally twisted," much to the amusement of the class.

While out surveying last week the boys passed a pile of road metal and one of the future E.M.'s, familiarly called Billy, observed that Prof. Millar should be there to see the splendid example of *rock disintegration*.

What's the matter with all those fellows in the hall? They look as if they would like to eat anybody that came along. Oh, there's nothing much wrong with them. Some kind-hearted genius came along while they were in class and piled their coats and hats in the corner of the hall, and they are just showing their appreciation of his kind attentions.

De Nobis Nobilibus.

FRESHETTE—"I don't care, now, its horrid mean. I was asked to vote for Uncle John, and when I got my paper there wasn't any such name on it."

Nautical student, looking at B-t-n and H-t-r after the election—"The A.M.S. ship will be able to scud along under bare *polls* this trip."

Reilly's brother threw Reilly down.

A. K. Sc-it—"B-t-n will make the best President, because he knows his Bourbon."

Sophomore (at election)—"Vote for ——!"
Lady student—"Oh, yes! (in a whisper) for *your* sake!"

Sophomore—"Oh no! for Treasurer."

T. R. W-l-on, getting ready to go home from the Levana tea—"Had a great time, boys, and it's not over yet."

Prof. in history class—"The men lived as long as the strand of life lasted." (Applause.)

Freshman on Division street, ringing door bell of boarding house at 1:30 a.m., disturbs the slumbers of the fair maiden, who calls out, "Is that you, papa?"

Freshman—"No-o, I'm—I'm—Please open the door."

At 10:30 Saturday night the Yellow Kid lowered the Hogan's Alley flag to half-mast. The ceremony was accompanied by an incantation that can be expressed in the following language:—! * * — ! !

C. L. D-e—"I suppose I did make a — fool of myself in the City Hall Saturday night."

Candid friend—"Well, that was a work of supererogation; nature had already done the job."

J.-h-n C.-l-d-w.-ll (after the election)—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

D. M. R-b-r-ts-n (to Boreas)—

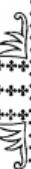
Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway whiz-z-z,

Hast thou not seen some spot

Where whiskers never bizz-z-z?

The wind, it softened to a murmured buzz-z-z,
And moaned throughout the scattered fuzz-z-z.

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